

The Penal System

By Keondre C.

Age 16, sophomore

*Mama shedding tears cuz her son locked away
wondering where she went wrong
why her son fighting this case*

17 yrs old I done seen a whole lot
inna kitchen water whipping pops was wicked in that pot
but that's the least that I saw
I done grew to be smart and say forget about the past
because that only keep me stopped
Pops was locked up for 2 yrs and my life went astray
like the females and the fancy cars so uk I got to get cake
was posted didn't go to school I was trying to buy me a str8
on the avenue get a jab or 2 trapping hard everyday
forget an education with these drugs I make it mindset had me tamed
I was thinking wrong yeah it had me gone real life was going insane
I'm a yfn slash bon can't go against that grain
imma rap hard forget a trapstar ion got nobody to blame

*Mama shedding tears cuz I've been locked away
wondering where she went wrong
why I've been fighting this case....*

"The Penal System" by Keondre C. – Nancy B. Jefferson Alternative School / Free Write Arts & Literacy, Chicago